A POWER COMIC

PICK ME UP FOR A POWER PICK ME UP!

SMASH!

No. 105
3rd FEB. 1968
EVERY MONDAY
7d

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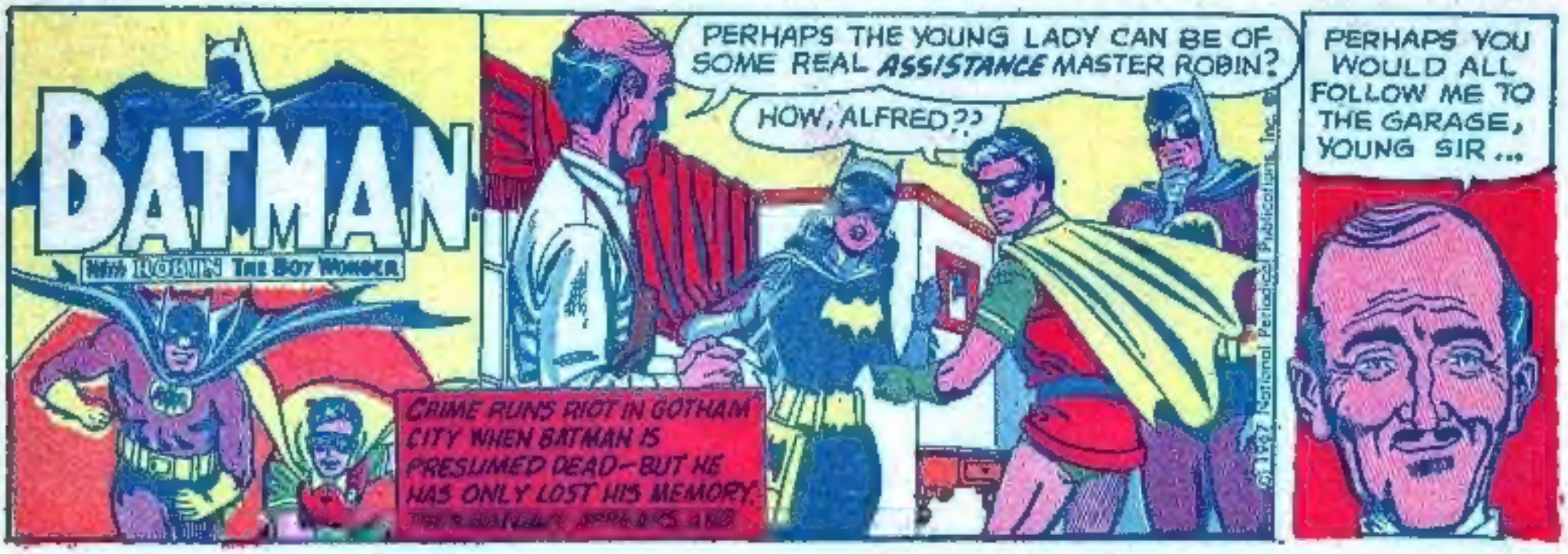

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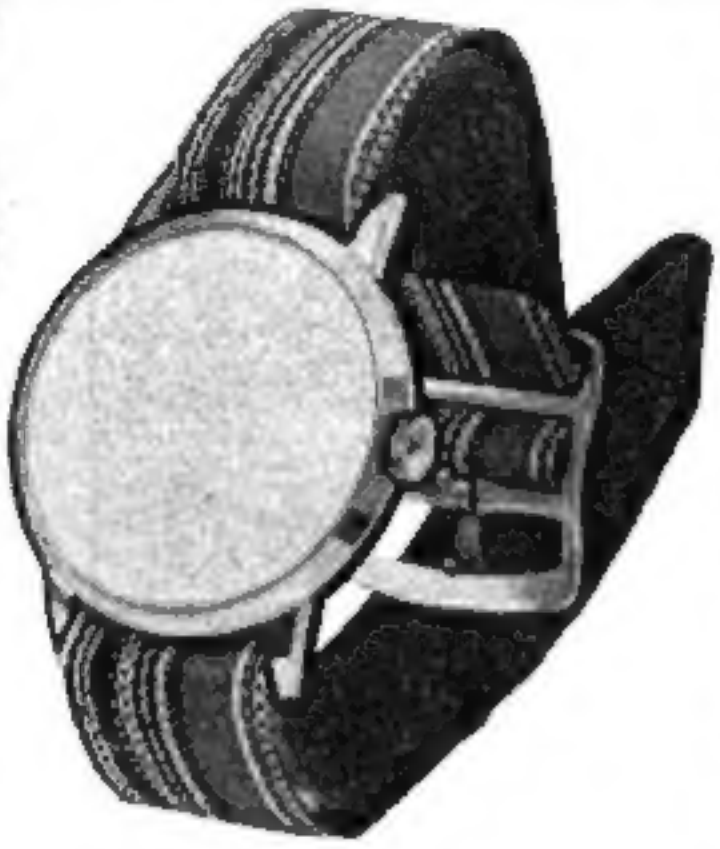
IT'S A GIVEAWAY IN THIS WEEK'S EAGLE



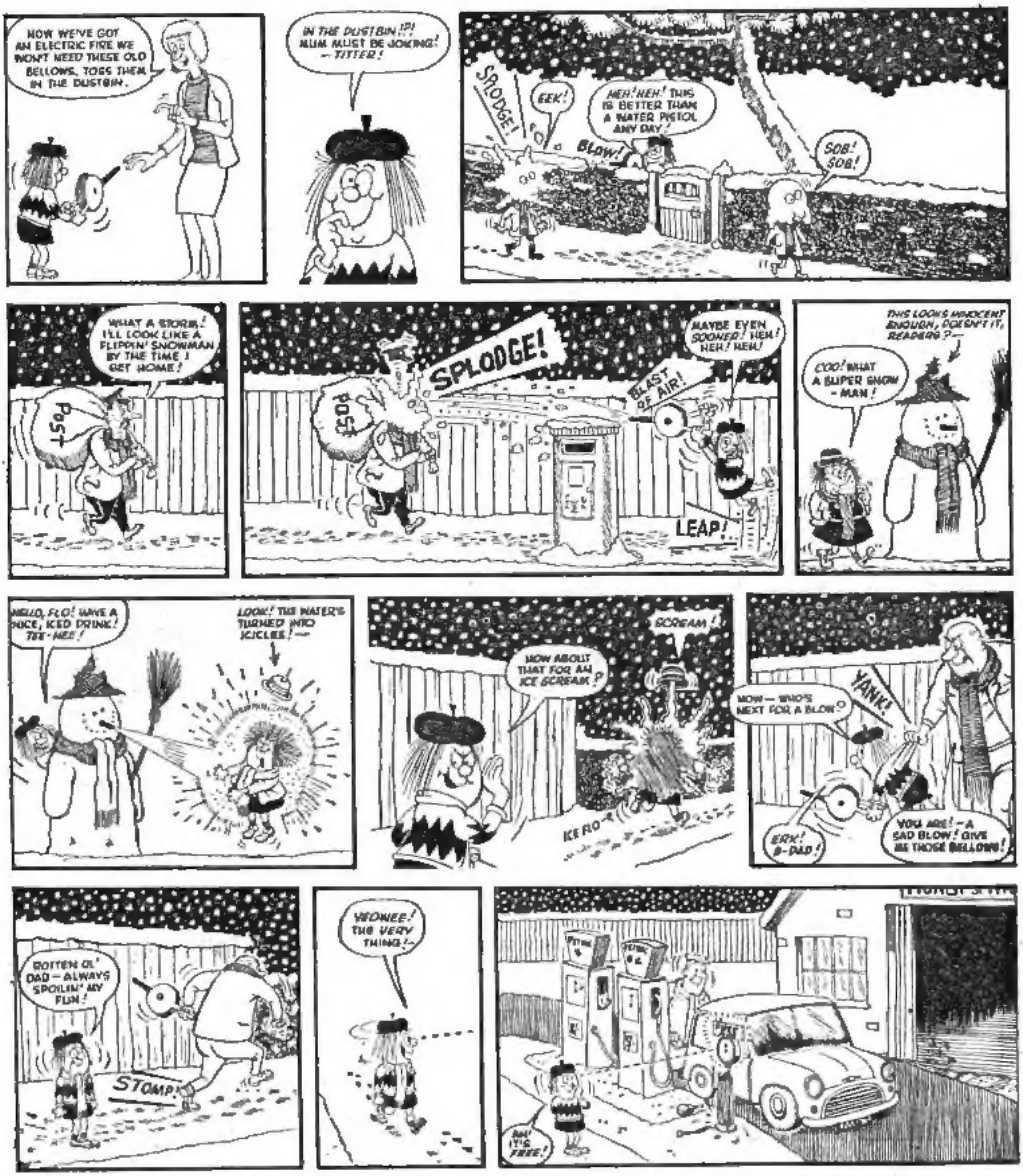
Throw away that tatty old watch strap—and replace it with this tough, reversible, super-coloured strap that's given away *free* in EAGLE!
It doesn't matter if you haven't got a watch—Dad will take the hint when he sees this dazzling strap on your wrist. If he doesn't bag it himself, he'll know what to get you for your next birthday!

DON'T WASTE TIME – WATCH OUT FOR THIS WEEK'S EAGLE

ON SALE WEDNESDAY

BAD PENNY

ONE PENNY 1968



GOOM
GOT IT! AN' NO-ONE SAW ME! HEE! HEE!

ALF'S GARAGE
STAND BY— LOAD!—

THREE— TWO— ONE—
FIRE!

SPLATTER
YIKES!

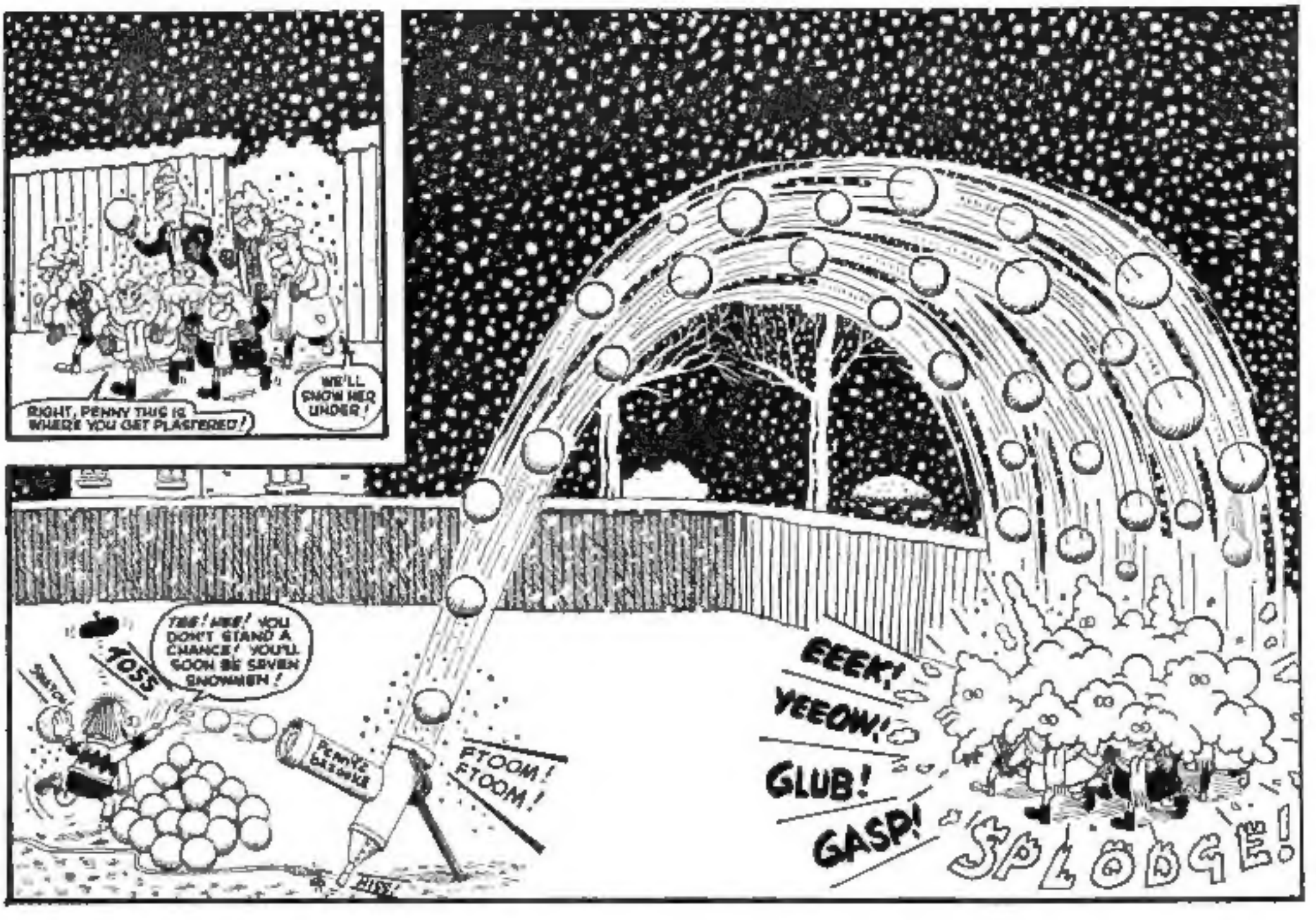
GOSH! WHAT A SUPER WEAPON! I'LL TRY IT AGAIN! TEE-HEE!
POWER MAD PENNY

AND SO...
NOW TO GIVE THEM AN-ICE SURPRISE!
WE'RE GOIN' TO GIVE PENNY A PELTING WHEN WE FIND HER!

EEK! WE'VE BEEN AVALANCHED WITH SNOW!
THAT MUST BE P-PENNY! GET HER!
SWOOSH!

THAT'S WHAT THEY THINK! —SNIGGER!

RIGHT, PENNY THIS IS WHERE YOU GET PLASTERED!
WE'LL SNOW HER UNDER!


TEE! HEE! YOU DON'T STAND A CHANCE! YOU'LL SOON BE SEVEN SNOWMEN!
SNATCH
TOSS
PENNY'S BAZOOKA
FTOOM! FTOOM!
HISS!
EEEK!
YEEOW!
GLUB!
GASP!
SPLODGE!

news from the floor of 64!

64, LONG ACRE
LONDON W.C.2.

THINK BIG! That's what some wise old character (who was he, anyway?) once told us! DON'T BE FAINT-HEARTED, he said. IF YOU THINK SOMETHING IS RIGHT . . . THEN GO TO IT! That's what this old feller said. And because he looked a lot wiser than we figure we are, we've decided to do just what he says.

In other words, we're all tickled pink about moving the best of WHAM into POW, to make one super-POW! 'Twas a great idea! The best of two worlds! . . . Marvellous!! Giving you readers even greater value for money! . . . That's what we're HERE for, isn't it?!!

So we thought big! We didn't even falter before making this GIANT NEW STEP! Straight out, we decided to do it again . . . this time to MIX THE BEST FROM TERRIFIC INTO THE BEST OF FANTASTIC:

And just to show you how excited we feel about it . . . just to kind of symbolise the fact that we've another HIT on our hands . . . we're giving FOR ABSOLUTELY, NO-CASH FREE, a specially designed TARGET PISTOL! To have fun with! To remind you that up here in the garret we're always thinking about you . . . and thinking about ways of making your favourite lively literature even livelier.

Listen! If you really go for super-hero sagas you'll go RAVING WILD about the new, new, new FANTASTIC! Thor 'n The Avengers 'n X Men 'n Doc Strange . . . what a line up it is. It'll sell a million! So don't play this too cool! Don't sit around dreaming TOO much about the FANTASTIC block-buster that's coming your way next week. Saddle up and mosey over to your nearest newsagent right now! Stake a claim for your copy of the new FANTASTIC (mixed with the best from TERRIFIC).

Be like us . . . do as the wise old feller says . . . GO TO IT, TIGERS!!!

ANOTHER FLASH FROM "SMASH"! An item for you many, many followers who rave about our galaxy of super-VILLIANS as much (if not more) as about our super-latino super-HEROES! A brand-new concept in pernicious piracy . . . an ultimate all-time high in buccaneering baddies . . . makes his debut this week, in SMASH! His name! THE PLUNDERER! His current ambition—to make things as unpleasant as possible for DAREDEVIL! In which foul purpose he succeeds! In a great movie-length DAREDEVIL saga entitled "Sightless in a Savage Land"! Which co-stars a swinging favourite with FANTASTIC readers ever since he appeared in an X-MEN extravaganza . . . to wit KA-ZAR, Lord of the jungle! And not forgetting his four-footed buddy, that justly-famous feline with the king-size canines, ZABU, the Sabre-Toothed Tiger!

Need we say MORE than go, go, go! . . . for SMASH, this week—we've a feeling you'll agree that it rates as a collector's MUST!!

★

MEET TWENTY PROUD POWER-PACK PEOPLE . . .

Martin Green, Oxford; Adrian Collingwood, Durban, Natal, S. Africa; Rosalind McDonnell, Loughton, Essex; Michael Graley, Liverpool; Graham Bernhard, Stockport, Cheshire; Gordon Watt, Angus, Scotland; Kevin Bowburn, Co. Durham; Jo Taylor, Bournemouth; Douglas Arnott, West Lothian, Scotland; Kathleen Beattie, Aberdeenshire, Scotland; David Driver, Oldham, Lancs.; John Howe, Camberwell, London; Alan Parry, Solihull, Warwickshire; Richard Makin, Rainham, Kent; Andrew Fairley, Lanarkshire; Michael Burke, Handsworth, Birmingham; Stephen Rayner, Cheshire; Sara Collingwood, Durban, Natal, S. Africa; Mark Dagul, London, W.9; Helen Mendosa, Stanmore, Middx.

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DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR! "SIGHTLESS, IN A SAVAGE LAND!"

A POWER LANDMARK ISSUE! IN WHICH DAREDEVIL ATTAINS THE TOWERING HEIGHTS OF GREATNESS HE WAS BORN TO ACHIEVE!

I'M LEAVING... PERHAPS FOREVER... THE TWO PEOPLE WHO MATTER MOST TO ME IN ALL THE WORLD! AND YET, I'VE NO OTHER CHOICE! WITHOUT ME THEY'LL BE FREE TO FOLLOW THEIR HEARTS!

NELSON AND MURDOCK ATTORNEYS

HE WAS THE BEST FRIEND A MAN COULD HAVE! BUT NOW... THERE'S NOTHING TO COME BETWEEN KAREN AND MYSELF!

ALSO STARRING... THE PIRATICAL PLUNDERER... AND THE AMAZING KA-ZAR LORD OF THE JUNGLE!

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group 1968

SPECIAL GARRET BULLETIN!!! THIS ILLUSTRATION WAS DESIGNED TO LULL YOU INTO A FALSE SENSE OF SECURITY! IT MAY SEEM LIKE THE START OF A TV SOAP OPERA... BUT JUST WAITTL YOU GET TO PAGE THREE!!

FAREWELL... MATT... MY DARLING! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT WAS HOPELESS FROM THE START! THERE WAS NEVER A PLACE FOR ME IN YOUR LIFE!

IF ONLY YOU COULD HAVE SEEN ME— SEEN THE LOVELIGHT IN MY EYES! BUT YOU NEVER KNEW! AND NOW IT'S TOO LATE... FOR BOTH OF US!

FOR A TIME, I ALMOST DARED TO HOPE... THAT KAREN MIGHT FEEL ABOUT ME AS I FELT ABOUT HER!

YET, THE EMOTION I MISTOOK FOR LOVE WAS MERELY PITY... PITY FOR A MAN WITHOUT SIGHT!

TAXI, MISTER?

BUT, I'LL NEVER GET HER OUT OF MY MIND IF I REMAIN IN THE CITY! I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY... AS FAR AWAY AS POSSIBLE!

A FELLA LIKE YOU OUGHTTA BE CAREFUL STANDIN' SO CLOSE TO THE CURB, PAL!

YES... I SUPPOSE THAT WAS PRETTY CARELESS OF ME!

IF ONLY I DIDN'T HAVE TO CONTINUE THIS PRETENSE OF HELPLESSNESS! IF ONLY I COULD BE MYSELF... ALWAYS!

BUT, I CAN'T GO THROUGH LIFE AS A COSTUMED ADVENTURER! THE LAW IS MY FIRST LOVE! I CAN'T THROW ALL THOSE LONG YEARS OF STUDY DOWN THE DRAIN!

AN HOUR LATER, AFTER STOPPING AT A NEARBY TRAVEL AGENCY, MATT MURDOCK REACHES HIS APARTMENT...

IT WAS THE ONLY THING TO DO! AN OCEAN CRUISE TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WORLD WILL HELP ME TO THINK... TO PLAN... TO FORGET!

I'LL SEND MY BAGS AHEAD OF ME TO THE SHIP, AND SPEND THE NEXT FEW HOURS WRAPPING UP MY PERSONAL AFFAIRS!

CUTAWAY VIEW OF MATT'S LOWER FLOOR ... SHOWING HIS WORK-OUT AREA...

THEN, FOR THE FINAL FEW MINUTES, THE HEAVY-HEARTED ATTORNEY STANDS MOTIONLESS... ENVELOPED IN HIS HAUNTING THOUGHTS...

SO MANY MEMORIES TO BE LEAVING BEHIND! SO MANY REMEMBRANCES THAT WILL NEVER DIE...!

BUT THEN, AS HIS HYPER-SENSITIVE FINGERS TOUCH THE FACE OF HIS TICKING WATCH...

I'VE BEEN DAY-DREAMING TOO LONG! THE SHIP LEAVES IN *FIVE MINUTES*... AND THE PIER IS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN!

SLOW-MOVING MATT MURDOCK COULD NEVER HOPE TO MAKE IT IN TIME...!

BUT THIS IS THE SORT OF CHALLENGE...

...THAT *DAREDEVIL* THRIVES ON!

GOOD THING MY CLOTHES ARE MADE OF WRINKLE-FREE MATERIAL...

...OR ELSE I COULD NEVER *WEAR* THEM AFTER THEY'VE BEEN *CRUSHED* LIKE THIS!

NOW I'M ALL SET TO... *UH-OH!*

I FORGOT ONE LITTLE THING...!

I'LL BE NEEDING MY TRUSTY *BILLY CLUB* IN A FEW SECONDS...

AND THERE WON'T BE TIME TO *OPEN* IT THEN!

SO, I'LL JUST DO IT *NOW!*

THWIPP!

CLICK!

FOUR MINUTES LEFT... TO MAKE IT CLEAN ACROSS TOWN! *DAREDEVIL* CAN DO IT WITH TIME TO *SPARE!*

THIS IS WHAT I NEEDED! THE WIND IN MY FACE... THE WORLD AT MY FEET!

NOW, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN DAYS... I FEEL REALLY *ALIVE!*

I'M NO LONGER *ACTING*... NO LONGER *PRETENDING!*

I'M DOING WHAT I DO *BEST*... WHAT I WAS *MEANT* TO DO!!

THWANG

I'M *FREE* ONCE MORE... UNFETTERED AT LAST!

LIKE A BIRD UNCAGED... PROMETHEUS UNBOUND!

WHITT!

STAR RENT-A-CAR

AND NOW, IT'S TIME TO *REALLY* START MOVING!

ONLY THREE MINUTES TO GO! EVERY SECOND COUNTS!

BUT NOW I'M RUNNING OUT OF HIGH ROOFTOPS!
I'LL HAVE TO DO IT THE HARD WAY!
LOOK OUT BELOW!

BILLY CLUB CABLE... I LOVE YOU!

ALL I NEED IS A FEW SECONDS FOR A FAST CHANGE...!
I'M JUST A BLOCK FROM THE PIER NOW... AND THERE'S STILL A MINUTE TO GO!

ALL ASHORE THAT'S GOING ASHORE!
THAT'S THE LAST OF THEM!
UP GANGPLANK, SAILOR!
ONE MOMENT, SIR! THERE SEEMS TO BE ANOTHER PASSENGER COMING!

THERE, THERE, SIR! NO NEED TO RUSH! WE'LL HELP YOU ABOARD!
THIS IS VERY KIND OF YOU!
IT'S THE LEAST WE CAN DO FOR A-- I MEAN... DON'T MENTION IT, MISTER!

CAPTAIN, IS THERE ANY DANGER OF US RUNNING INTO... THE PLUNDERER??
I WOULDN'T WORRY, SIR! NO SMALL-TIME PIRATE WOULD DARE ATTACK THIS SHIP!
THE PLUNDERER! I'VE HEARD OF HIM... BUT, I ALWAYS THOUGHT HE WAS JUST A LEGEND!
IF HE DOES EXIST... THIS VOYAGE MAY BE MORE INTERESTING THAN I EXPECTED!

BUT, EVEN THE UNCANNY SUPER-SENSES OF MATT MURDOCK CANNOT YET FORETELL THE COMING OF A STRANGELY OMINOUS VESSEL WHICH DIMLY LOOMS ABOVE THE FAR HORIZON...
AHOY THE BRIDGE! TARGET DEAD AHEAD!

THE LARGEST LUXURY LINER TO PLY THESE WATERS! WHAT A PRIZE SHE'LL MAKE.. FOR THE PLUNDERER!
SHE'S THE CRUISE SHIP ODYSSEY!

BREAK OUT THE BIG GUN! PUT A SHOT ACROSS HER BOW!
LOOK LIVELY, YOU LUBBERS... OR I'LL SEE THE LOT OF YOU TIED TO THE HIGHEST YARDARM!
HOW MUCH LONGER ARE WE GONNA LET THAT RAVING MADMAN TREAT US THIS WAY??
FOREVER CONSIDERING THAT WE CAN OUT-FIGHT ANY DOZEN OF US WITHOUT HALF TRYIN'!

BAR-OOM!
AHOY THE ODYSSEY! PREPARE TO BE BOARDED! DO NOT RESIST... IF YOU VALUE YOUR LIVES!

HE'S COMPLETELY WITHOUT MERCY! HE'S NOT A MAN... HE'S A SAVAGE... A BEAST!

THEN IT'S TRUE! HE DOES EXIST! BUT... TO DARE ATTACK A SHIP LIKE THIS... WHAT SORT OF WEAPONS DOES HE POSSESS... WHAT UNSUSPECTED POWERS??

THE SHIP'S RADIO IS DEAD! WE CAN'T CALL FOR HELP! THE PLUNDERER DID IT! HE MUST BE A MAGICIAN!

ALL HANDS ON DECK! ALL PASSENGERS BELOW! DON'T PANIC! DON'T PANIC! WALK... DO NOT RUN!

BUT, IN ALL THE ALARM... IN ALL THE CONFUSION... ONLY ONE MAN REMAINS COMPLETELY CALM... HIS BRAIN THINKING, PLANNING, WITH MACHINE-GUN SPEED...

THE PLUNDERER'S SHIP IS A SCHOONER... I CAN HEAR THE WIND IN ITS SAILS... BUT SOMETHING DOESN'T FIT...

I CAN SENSE IT'S SPEED... NO WIND-JAMMER CAN SAIL THAT QUICKLY! IT'S KNIFING FORWARD LIKE A DESTROYER! HOW!

GRAPPLING HOOKS! THEY'RE ABOUT TO BOARD US! BUT... HOW CAN THEY EXPECT TO GET AWAY WITH IT??

LAY DOWN YOUR ARMS! EMPTY YOUR POCKETS! PREPARE TO WELCOME CAPTAIN PLUNDER!

SURPRISED TO SEE BLAST-RAY GUNS RATHER THAN BLUNDER-BUSSES, MY HEARTIES?

OUR PROFESSION MAY BE AN ANCIENT ONE... BUT REST ASSURED OUR METHODS ARE WORTHY OF THIS ENLIGHTENED ATOMIC AGE!

DOZENS OF MEN... ADVANCED WEAPONS... AND THE LEADERSHIP OF A BOLD, BRILLIANT STRATEGIST!

THE SHIP'S PERSONNEL CAN'T POSSIBLY DEAL WITH A FANTASTIC SITUATION LIKE THIS!

BUT, THERE'S ONE MAN ABOARD WHO CAN!

AND HE'S NOT GONNA WASTE A MINUTE DOING IT...!

EXACTLY FIVE SECONDS LATER...

MAN FACING ME... GUN MUZZLE AIMED THIS WAY... & VENT DIRECTLY BEHIND HIM...!

STOP WHERE YOU ARE, MISTER... BEFORE I VENTILATE THAT NUTTY RED UNION SUIT!

THAT WAS A REAL IMPRESSIVE SPEECH, CAPTAIN BLIGH... BUT WHAT CAN YOU DO FOR AN ENCORE?!

THWAK!

CLANG!

NOK!

BOP!

REINFORCEMENTS COMING AT ME! GOOD THING I CAN'T SEE THEM...! MIGHT REALIZE I BIT OFF MORE THAN I CAN CHEW!

AVAST! THERE'S THE ONLY ONE WE HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT!

THAT'S THE PLUNDERER! HE'S BIG... POWERFUL... CONFIDENT! HE WON'T BE EASY!

BUT, IN ANOTHER PART OF THIS STRANGE AND WONDROUS PLANET OF OURS, AN EQUALLY FANTASTIC EVENT IS TAKING PLACE... AS A MIGHTY MONARCH OF A JUNGLE-THAT-TIME-FORGOT STALKS A HALF-GROWN TYRANNOSAURUS REX...

THIS TIME THE BIG-TAIL WILL NOT ESCAPE KA-ZAR!

MY MASTERY OF ALL WILL NEVER BE COMPLETE UNTIL THE KING OF LIZARDS BOWS TO MY WILL AT LAST!

GOOD! HE IS DIRECTLY BENEATH ME
HE'S IN POSITION NOW, ZABU NOW!
RRRRR

HAH! IT IS TIME FOR YOU TO FEEL THE MIGHT OF YOUR MASTER... TO KNOW THAT ONLY KA ZAR IS SUPREME!
BACK, ZABU... LEST YOU BE TRAMPLED, MY FAITHFUL ONE!
RRR

IT IS NO USE! TOUGH HIS BODY IS LIKE A LIVING MOUNTAIN HE CANNOT THINK HE DOES NOT UNDERSTAND
HE WILL FIGHT ME... HE DIES AND I HAVE NO WISH FOR THAT!

AND THEN BRAINLESS ONE HAVE YOUR FREEDOM! ANY WHO CAN REPLACE KA-ZAR DESERVE TO BE THEIR OWN MASTER!
BUT I SHALL NEVER STOP TRYING! FOR HE SLEEPS BUT BEAST WHILE KA-ZAR IS MAN!

KA ZAR HAVE YOU, ZABU! NEED NO OTHER! YOU ARE WISEST BRAVEST SWIFTEST OF ALL!
BUT EVER SINCE COSTUMED ONES DEPART MANY MOONS AGO*... KA-ZAR'S HEART HEAVY KA-ZAR LONELY!
* THE JUNGLE LORD REFERS, OF COURSE, TO HIS EPIC MEETING WITH THE X-MEN IN FANTASTIC ISSUES 18 and 19 ACCURATE ALF

BUT SUDDENLY A DEEP OMINOUS GROWL ISSUES FORTH FROM THE BEAST CALLED ZABU.
I TOO HEAR THE MAN SOUNDS COMING FROM THE RIVER. IT CAN ONLY MEAN DANGER!
RRRRRRR

SWAMP MEN! SAILING DOWN RIVER TOWARD SKULL ISLAND! THEY BREAK JUNGLE LAW... KA-ZAR'S LAW! NONE SET FOOT ON SKULL ISLAND WHILE KA-ZAR LIVES!
WE SHALL CRUSH ALL IN OUR PATH!
KA-ZAR MUST DIE! TOO LONG HAS HE RULED THIS LAND! DEATH TO THE JUNGLE LORD!
WE HAVE MIGHTY WEAPONS MANY MEN MUCH POWER! WE ARE SUPREME!
PERSONAL NOTE: IF THIS DIALOGUE SEEMS A BIT CORNY TO YOU AT TIMES PLEASE REMEMBER IT'S MERELY A LOOSE TRANSLATION OF THE ORIGINAL GUTTURAL SWAMP DIALECT, A TONGUE WHICH VERY FEW OF US LEARNT AT SCHOOL!
— CORNY COS

MEET ... Mister Knowall

He knows everything there is to know about everything—and he's here to show you what a load of laughs it is to be a Knowall, too!

Just for kicks!

Most of us reckon we're fair footballers—but try this this little gizmo and you might change your mind about your kicking control. Stand with your feet together, and put an empty matchbox on the floor directly in front of you and touching the toe of your right foot.

Now walk backwards from the box . . . first your left foot behind your right foot, then your right foot behind your left foot, and your left foot behind your right foot.

Now bring your right foot ALONGSIDE your left—and try to kick over the matchbox without moving your left foot. I think you are in for a surprise.

"RATS LIVE ON NO EVIL STAR"

Write this sentence back to front and you are going to get a surprise. Go on —try it!

GLASS BRIDGE

PUT three glasses on the table and a strip of paper. Challenge any of your pals to lay the paper on the two glasses so as to make a bridge that the third glass can stand on. Impossible? Not at all . . . just fold the paper as shown. Like this it will lie across the two glasses and easily support the third.

CUT a few lumps of white polystyrene tile the same size as your sugar lumps. Pop them on the top of the sugar basin and wait till teatime for the laughs!

Can you get hold of a pack of cigarette papers? You can't? Well, they only cost threepence in any tobacconist's—and it's well worth the money to perform. . . .

PAPER MAGIC!

In full view of everyone you will take a paper from the packet—tear it into tiny pieces—screw the pieces up into a ball in your hand—blow into your fist —and, HEY PRESTO!—open out the ball to show the paper untorn and unharmed! And here's how . . .

You prepare the papers beforehand like this . . . take out one paper, and, holding one corner of the GUMMED edge, screw the rest of it up into a ball. Now stick the gummed corner of the ball to the centre of the gummed edge of the next paper in the packet. Now close up the packet and put it into your pocket till you are ready to perform the trick.

When the time comes and your audience are gathered and agog, you take out this first paper with the ball stuck to it and begin to tear—all the time bringing the torn bits to the front so that the ball remains unseen. Now, when you screw up the torn pieces, you will actually have two balls in your hand — the first, prepared one, still stuck to a piece of the rolled up bits! Right? But when you have blown into your closed fist with them inside, you open out the intact ball, and the screwed up bits of the paper you actually tore will remain stuck behind and unseen

£1 for Knowalls

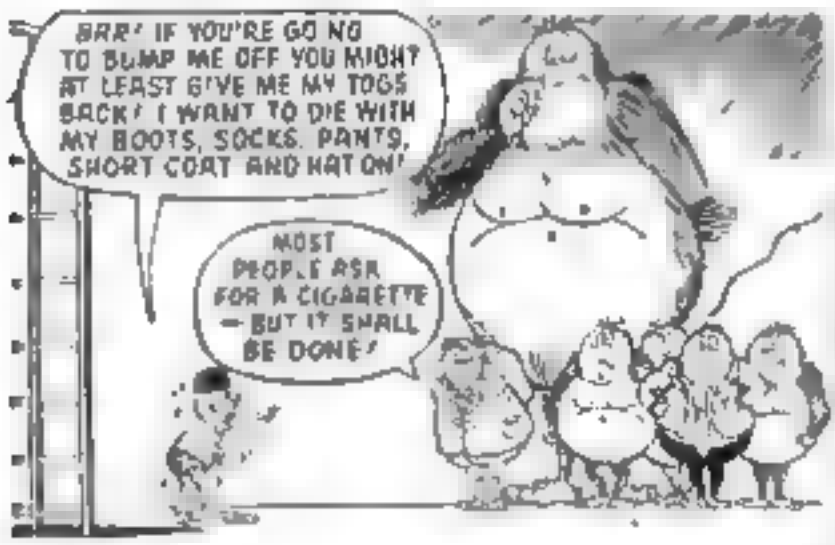
[illegible] TO: MR. KNOWALL, 64, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

HE'LL INHERIT A MILLION—IF HE CAN SPEND THE MONEY HE'S GOT...

RONNIE RICH

THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.

THE MAN FROM B U N G L E HAS BUNGLED AGAIN AND IS NOW AT THE MERCY OF DR DIMWITTY AND HIS DIABOLICAL YETIS WHOSE BREATH CAN F-R E-E-Z E ANYTHING —INCLUDING BUNGLE!



THEY STEPPED— SO I FIRE!

HOT BLAST!

ARGH! IT'S HOT AIR! DIABOLICAL HOTNESS! WE'RE DOOMED!

HE'S DEFROSTING OUR FREEZERS! WAA AAH!

TOUCH OF THE MATT DILLONS!

THEY COULDN'T BLOW ON THEIR TEA NOW TO COOL IT! THAT ONLY LEAVES DR DIMWITTY AND BETTY —AND SHE'S A DIFFERENT PROPOSITION ALTOGETHER!

...WITH ONE BLAST OF HER ICY BREATH SHE COULD FREEZE OVER THE ENGLISH CHANNEL. BOSS—SHE'S GOT TO BE DEFROSTED!

H'MM! A BIG PROBLEM— HOW DO WE GO ABOUT IT?

IF A LITTLE HAIR DRIER DEFROSTS THE BABY YETIS—THIS SHOULD DO THE TRICK FOR THE R MUM!

BRRRM!

I JUST HOPE HE KNOWS WHAT HE'S DOING!

ARGH! THEY'VE HOPPED IT! I MUST HAVE FORCED HIS HAND THEY'VE SET OUT TO FREEZE THE WORLD ON THEIR OWN!

THANK GOODNESS I'VE GOT AN ELECTRIC BLANKET!

GONE TO FREEZE-

HEH! HEH! WE SHALL HAVE TO GO IT ALONE MY DEAR - LET US FIRST GIVE A DEMONSTRATION OF YOUR POWER!

UGG! UGG!

TO THE ENGLISH CHANNEL

ONE TEN THOUSAND MEGATONNE BLAST COMING UP! MY GIRL WILL FREEZE EVERY SHIP IN ITS TRACKS - LET HER RIP MY LOVELY!

BERUTIFUL! BERUTIFUL! SIGH!

WHOOSH!

ARGH! WHAT HAPPENED? THE CHANNEL'S ICED UP —THE BLINKING WEATHER FORECAST WAS WRONG AS USUAL!

S.O.S.! MAYDAY! SEND FOR STEED!

UGG! UGG!

HEH! HEH! WELL DONE, MY PET—SHALL WE DO THE NORTH SEA NEXT?

I KNEW I SHOULD HAVE PICKED SUMMER!

BAH! WE'RE TOO LATE! THEY'VE BEEN AND GONE. WE'VE LOST THEM, LAD!

G-GULP! THEY COULD BE ANYWHERE AND WE'VE GOT TO FIND THEM! AND THE SNOW IS SO HARD SHE HASN'T EVEN LEFT A FOOTPRINT!

AHA! WHAT'S THIS I SEE? THE BIG FREAK MUST BE MOULTING —SHE'S LEFT A TRAIL OF HAIR!

FASTER, LAD! FASTER! I DON'T WANT MY TEA TO GET COLD!

WILL LARRY BE IN TIME? DON'T MISS NEXT WEEK'S HAIR TRAILING EPISODE!

Your chance—ours (and Harold Wilson's)—to say what we think . . .

SMASH-CHAT!

ALF & COS.
SMASH,
64 LONG ACRE,
LONDON, W.C.2

WRITE TO SMASH AND . . . WIN £1

Dear Alf and Cos,
What would happen if Fatty went on a hunger strike? Would the Nervs write to Harold Wilson about it? I really wonder if they would. It would be a laugh.

Paul Tica,
Hurley, Warwickshire.

Fatty on a hunger strike? You're joking! And would Harold have the Nerv to do anything about it if he did? Who knows! But we agree—it would be a laugh!

Alf and Cos

Dear Alf and Cos,
I have been wondering if you think Tuffy McGrew looks strong enough. To me he looks a bit of a weakling. He looks quite small, and apart from his big chin and nose, he doesn't look any different from a normal boy.

Glenis Leeson,
Hinckley, Leics.

Doesn't look any different from a normal boy?!! Still, we've never met any boys from Hinckley, so perhaps you're right! Anyway, ol' Tuffy's looks just go to prove that you never know—'specially when you pick on someone smaller than yourself—as we're always telling Big Bad Bart.

Alf and Cos

Dear Alf and Cos,
This is the fourth time I have written to SMASH. I think it's a great comic and have been reading it since the third issue. I have entered the SMASH HITS Competition, but after I cut the coupon out I was very angry to see that I had also cut up Rubberman, which, by the way, is my favourite story. In future would you please make sure that if there's anything to cut out, have it backing on to an advert.

Alan Thomson,
Edinburgh, 9, Scotland.

You've got a point there, Alan—But what if there's something that interests you in the advert? Anyway, we promise not to risk Rubberman getting spoiled in future—though someone else is going to feel CUT UP about it! But not to worry, we've got a brand new idea worked out for the next comp., that'll make everyone happy. Tell you about it then.

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,
In SMASH 90 you showed Matt Murdock with Foggy and Karen in his office. The only thing wrong was that Matt had Daredevil's shadow. I think SMASH is a great comic and I especially like Daredevil.

Ian Upton,
Battersea, London, S.W.11.

On reflection we see you're right, Ian. But this was artist's licence to keep up the DRAMATIC DAREDEVIL ATMOSPHERE even when the Double-D is in his other role of Matt Murdock. Get it . . ? No . . well, never mind, you'll get your Power-pound.

Alf and Cos.

* * *

DON'T KEEP US IN THE DARK!

When you write to us, fill in the coupon below and enclose it with your letter. Then we can be sure that we are filling our paper with the features you like best!

My favourite feature is: .....

The feature I dislike is: .....

To: Smash, 64 Long Acre,
London, W.C.2.

IT'S POWERFUL NEWS... IT'S NEWS... IT'S NEW!

FANTASTIC AND TERRIFIC

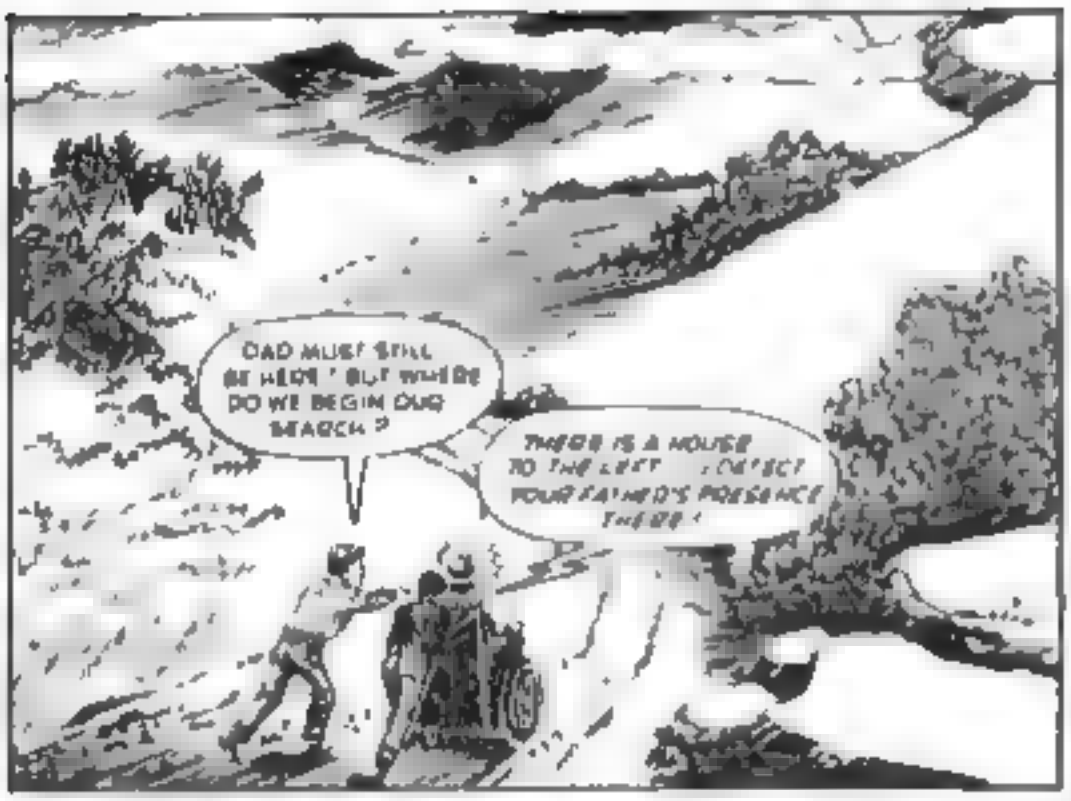
A POWER COMIC

ON SALE NEXT SATURDAY!

We've jam-packed your FAVOURITE all action sagas and power plus super stars into THE GREATEST POWERHOUSE COMIC of ALL TIME! THAT'S NEW FANTASTIC AND TERRIFIC! and it's at the very same price 9d

PLUS: FREE STAR TARGET PISTOL!
with AMMUNITION and TARGETS!

BRIAN'S BRAIN


DAD MUST STILL BE HERE! BUT WHERE DO WE BEGIN OUR SEARCH?
THERE IS A HOUSE TO THE LEFT — I DETECT YOUR FATHER'S PRESENCE THERE!

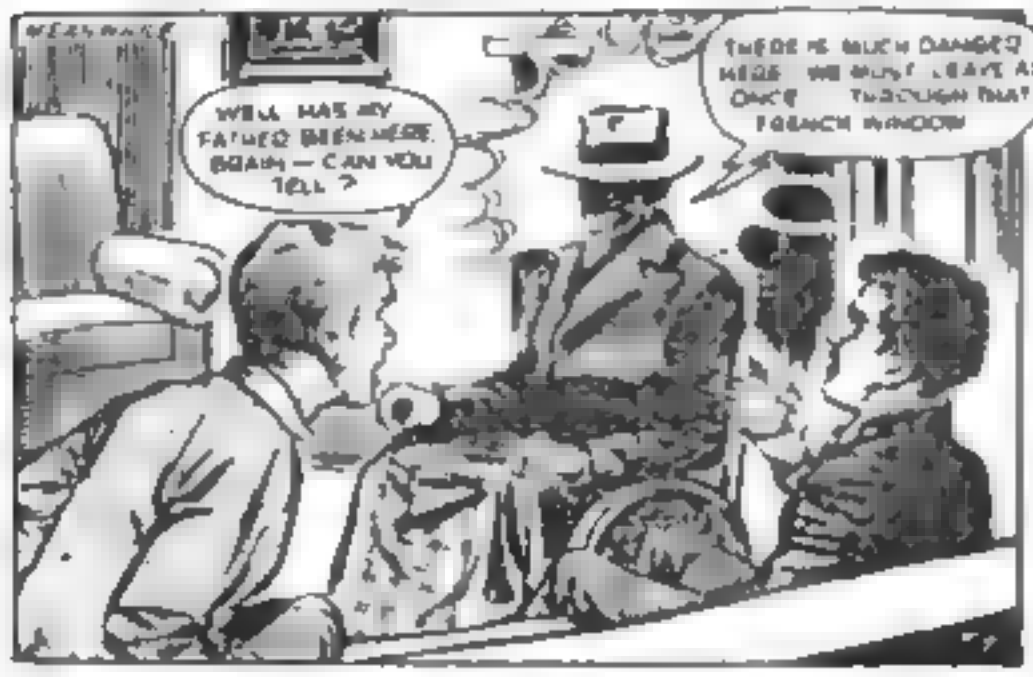
WE HAVE VISITORS COMING — TWO BOYS AND AN OLD MAN!

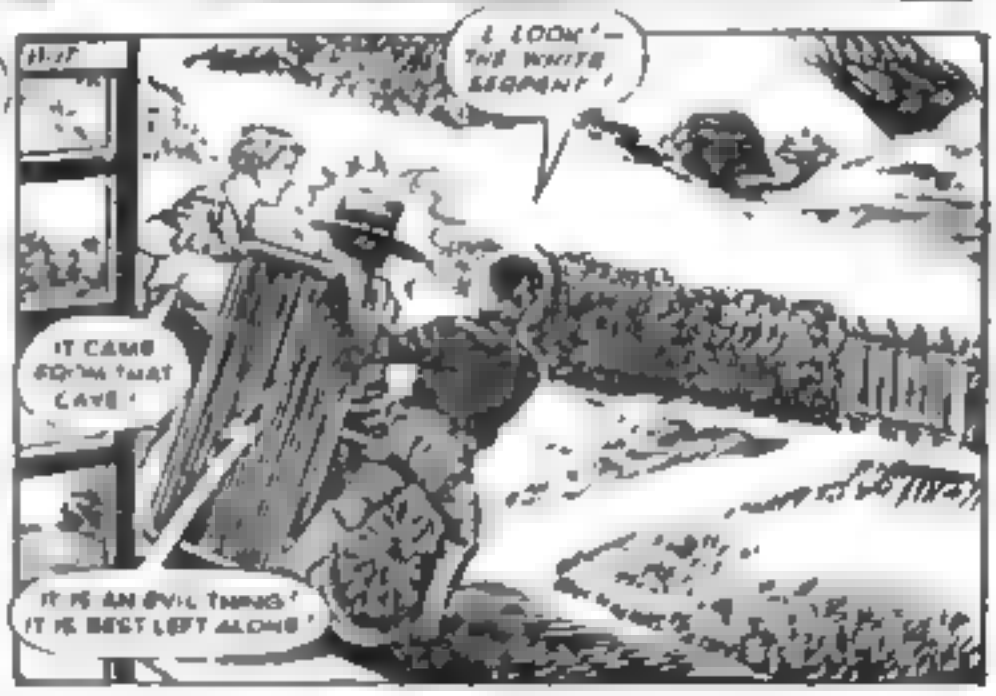
ARE YOU SURE NOGARTH? I EXPECTED ONLY THE BOYS...
SEE FOR YOURSELF, M'LADY!

AND WHEN THE
EH — WE'RE LOOKING FOR MY FATHER PROFESSOR KINGSLEY W WE WONDERED IF IF HE HAD CALLED HERE
YOU HAD BETTER COME IN!

HELP YOURSELVES BOYS — BUT ISN'T YOUR UNCLE HUNGRY, TOO?
N-NO EH — HE HAD DINNED ON THE TRAIN! — IF YOU COULD TELL US ABOUT MY FATHER

BUT THE MYSTERIOUS LADY MERELY SMILES AND GLIDES FROM THE ROOM
NOGARTH! GO INTO THE VILLAGE AND SEE IF THEY LEFT ANY LUGGAGE! IF SO BRING IT HERE


WELL HAS MY FATHER BEEN HERE, BRAIN — CAN YOU TELL?
THERE IS MUCH DANGER HERE WE MUST LEAVE AT ONCE THROUGH THAT FRENCH WINDOW


LOOK! — THE WHITE SERPENT!
IT CAME FROM THAT CAVE!
IT IS AN EVIL THING! IT IS BEST LEFT ALONE!

LOOK AFTER THE BRAIN, DUFFY! I'M GOING TO TAKE A LOOK IN THAT CAVE WHILST THE SERPENT IS AWAY!

COME BACK, BRIAN. THE THING YOU PLAN IS VERY DANGEROUS!

BUT BRIAN IS DETERMINED!

I MAY FIND A CLUE TO DAD'S WHEREABOUTS... I MUST TAKE A CHANCE!

COME BACK, BRIAN. I CANNOT GUARANTEE TO HELP YOU AGAINST THE DANGERS YOU MAY FIND IN THAT CAVERN ... IT IS A DARK, EVIL PLACE!

THOUGH HIS BLOOD IS CHILLED BY THE BRAIN'S DIRE WARNING, BRIAN STEPS INTO THE DANK, GLOOMY CAVERN, BRAVING THE BLACK UNKNOWN TO FIND HIS FATHER!

THEN THE HIDEOUS WHITE SERPENT TURNS BACK ON ITS TRACKS ...

AAARGH! THE SERPENT'S COMING BACK! BRAIN! HELP! TELL ME WHAT TO DO!

BUT THE BRAIN DOES NOTHING BUT GLIMMER SILENTLY BENEATH THE WIDE BRIM OF ITS HAT. THE SERPENT RACES UP THE SLOPE, ITS VILE FANGS SLAVERING AND HISSING!

HELP! HELP!

THEN INCREDIBLY THE GROTESQUE WHITE BRUTE SHIES AWAY, ITS MOIST SKIN GLISTENING IN THE AFTERNOON SUNLIGHT!

IT COULD HAVE KILLED ME THEN... BUT IT DIDN'T!

THE MONSTER'S LOATHSOME COILS FLEX AND LOOP IN RAPID TRAIN AS IT SURGES UPHILL TO ITS GLOOMY CAVERN HOME!

IT'S GOING BACK TO ITS CAVE... AND BRIAN'S IN THERE! WARN HIM, BRAIN! TELL HIM OF THE DANGER!

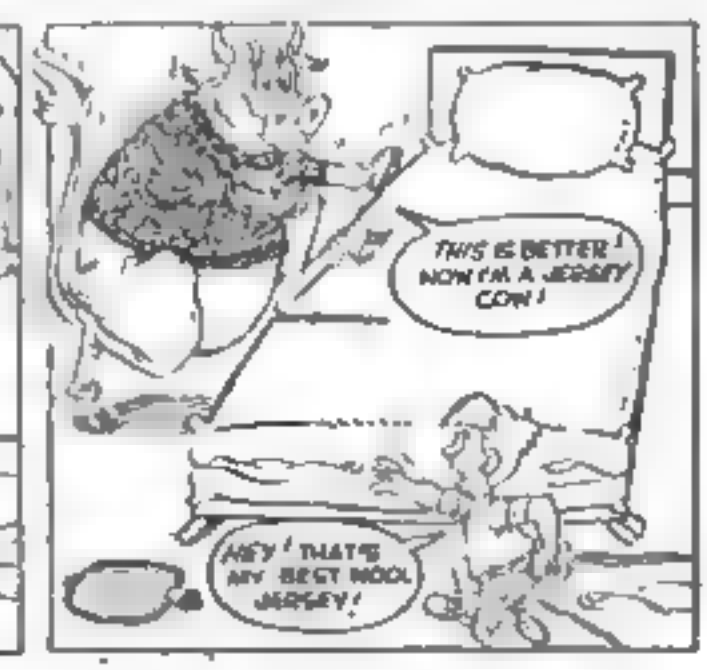
BUT NO WARNING CAN HELP BRIAN FOR THE WHITE CREATURE TRAVELS FASTER THAN A GALLOPING HORSE

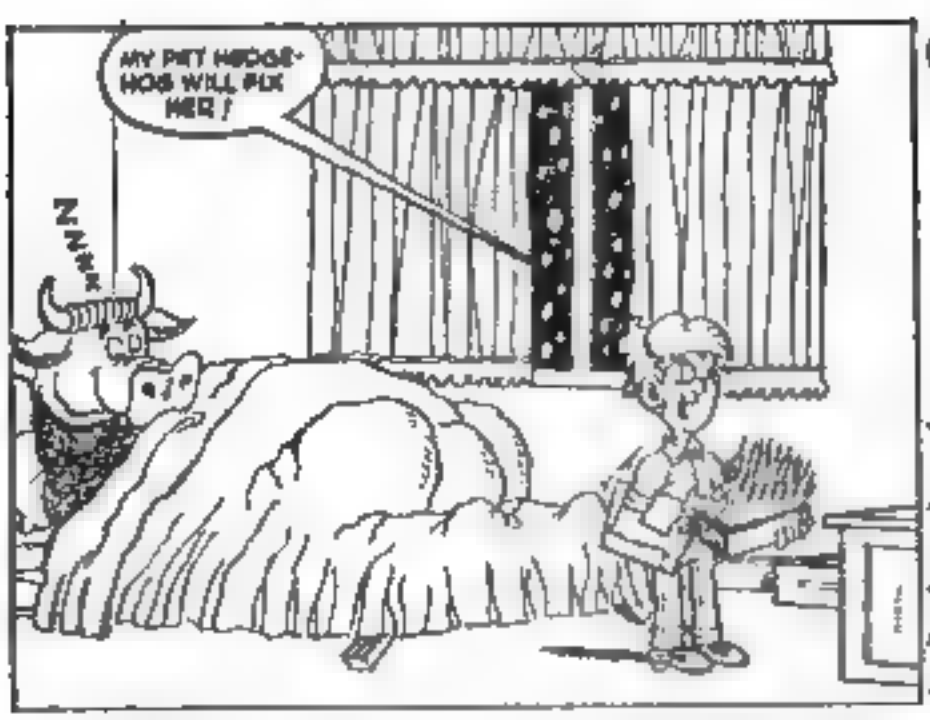
AAAAH! THE SERPENT!

WHAT CAN BRIAN DO, ALL ALONE AGAINST THE DEADLY WHITE SERPENT? DON'T MISS NEXT WEEK'S INSTALMENT OF THIS THRILL-FILLED SAGA!

Charlie's Choice

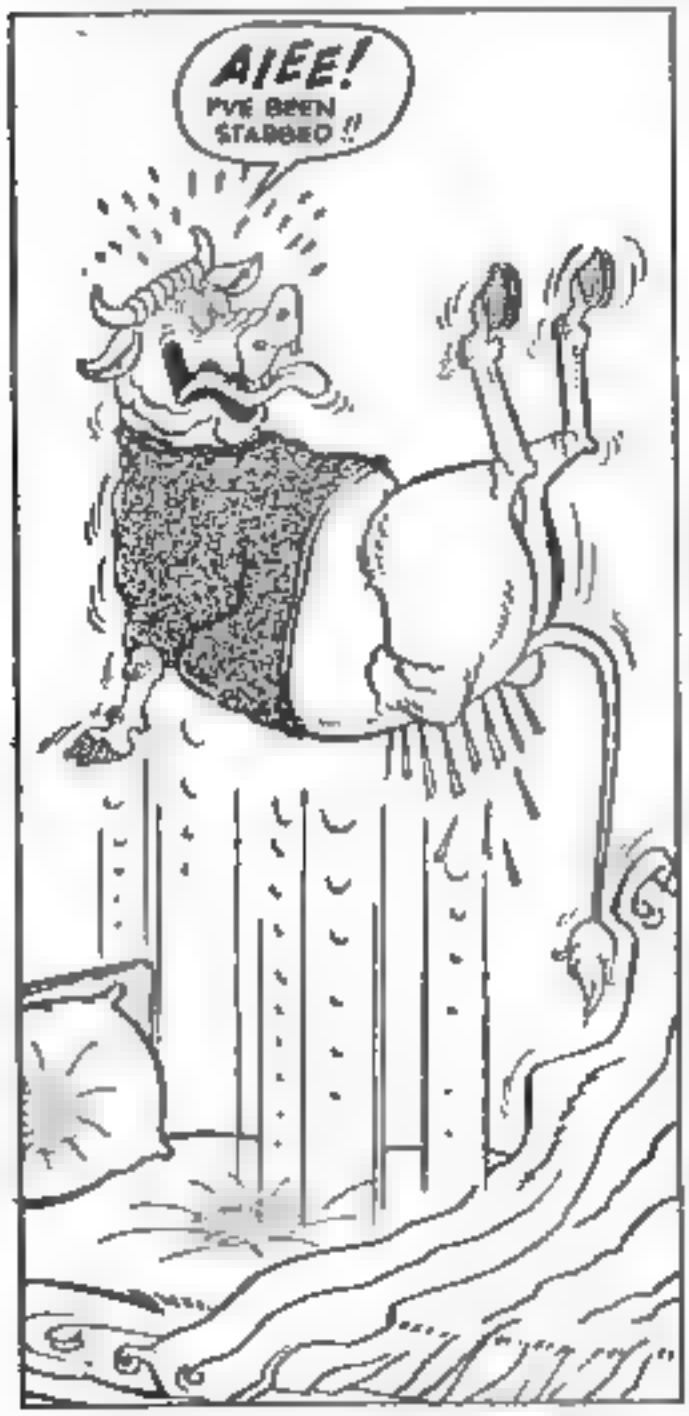
THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE




MY PET HEDGE-HOG WILL FIX HER!
ZZZZZ

YEAH! WATCH ME GIVE HER THE NEEDLE!

EEK!


AIEE! I'VE BEEN STABBED!!

WELL DONE, HARRY – THAT GOT HER OUT!

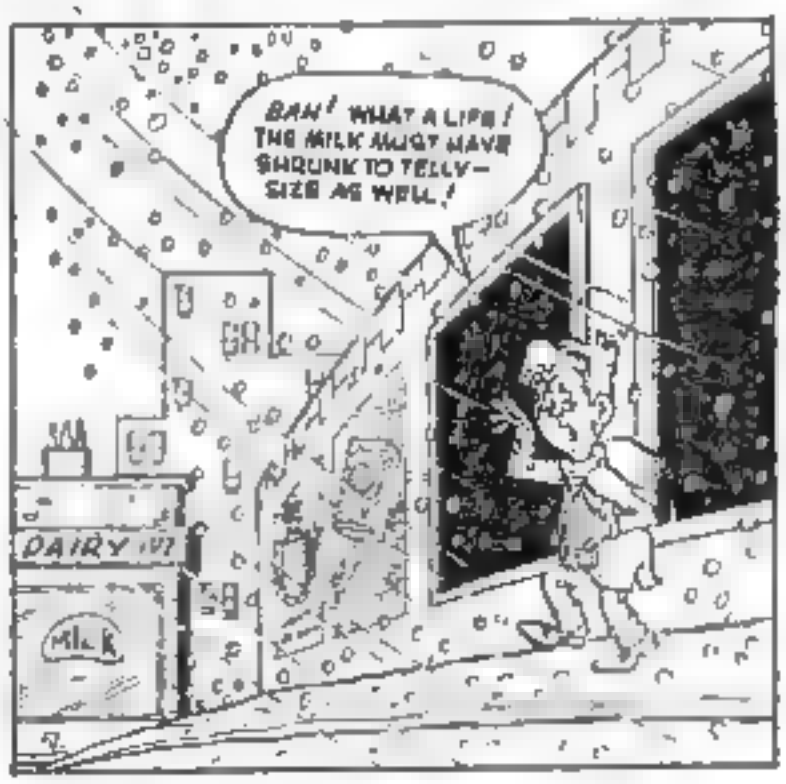
THAT'S MY JERSEY BACK—NOW TO GET MY PIÑATA!

THANK GOOD-NESS! GOT IT IN TIME – SHE'S SHRUNK BACK TO TELLY-SIZE!

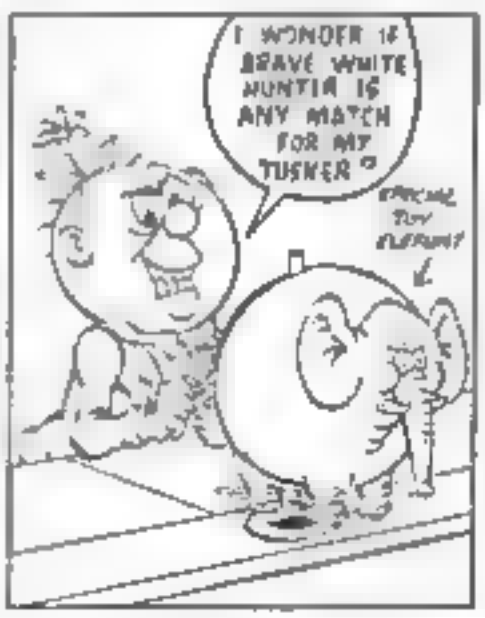
NOW TO GIVE THIS TO MUM!
BAH!

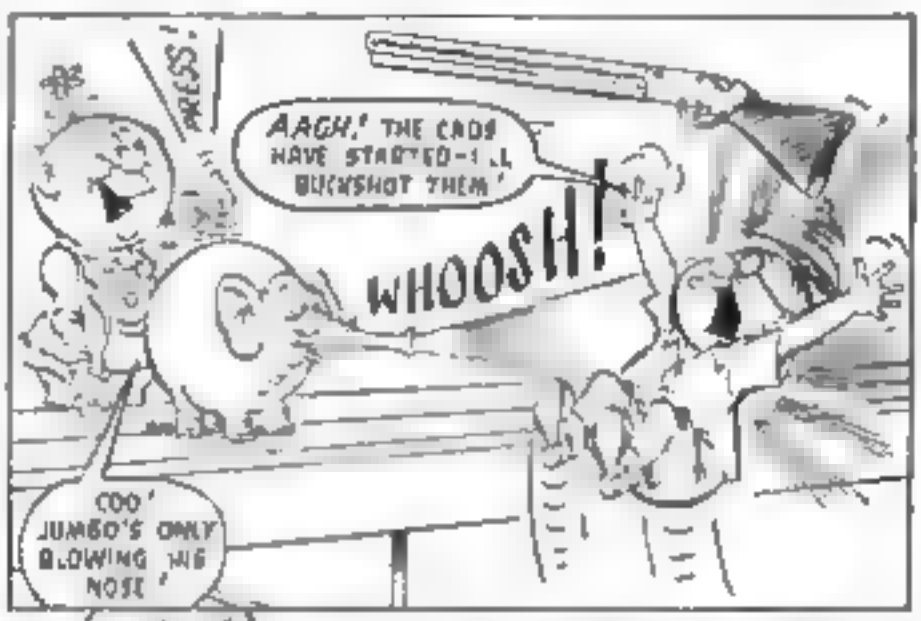
OH, MY MILK! GOOD LAD, CHARLIE!
THINK NOTHING OF IT, MUM!

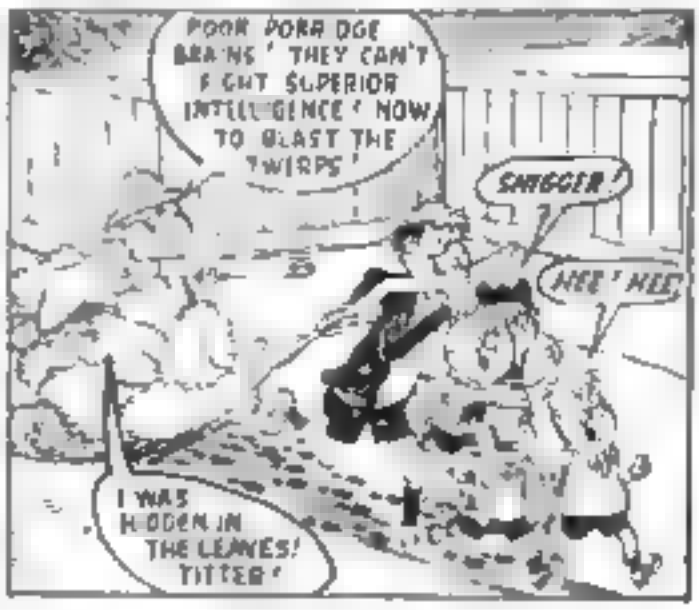
HEY!?! – WHAT'S THIS?! THERE'S ONLY A TINY DROP IN THE BOTTOM! YOU'VE BEEN DRINKING IT, CHARLIE BROWN!
B-B BUT!!


BAH! WHAT A LIFE! THE MILK MUST HAVE SHRUNK TO TELLY-SIZE AS WELL!
DAIRY
MILK

The SWOTS and the BLOTS







AAGH! A DEADLY SNAKE— I'M DONE FOR!

CYRIL'S SLIPPING! HE SHOULD KNOW BY NOW WE ALWAYS LEAVE A REARGUARD— A VIPER-SNIPER ONE MIGHT SAY! SNIGGER!

AAGH! EEK!

WAA-AAH! UNTIE ME! HELP! HELP!

BONK!

HEH! HEH! WE WON'T NEED THAT NOW— CYRIL WON'T BE FOLLOWING ANYBODY!

HE SHOULD STICK TO SNAKES AND LADDERS! TEE-HEE!

IF I KNOW TEACH HE'LL BE HOT ON OUR TRAIL, TOO— I'D LOVE TO KNOW WHERE HE IS RIGHT NOW!

HEH! HEH! WE'LL BE ABLE TO SEE FOR MILES FROM THE TOP OF THIS FLAGPOLE!

IF WE GET RID OF TEACH, TOO, WE CAN HAVE THE REST OF THE DAY OFF! SNIGGER!

OH, HECK! THE BLOTS' WEIGHT'S TOO MUCH FOR THAT OLD POLE— IT'S ROTTEN AT THE BOTTOM!

CREAK!

CRACK!

AAGH! THE POLE'S BROKEN!

CRACK!

THUD!

CRUMP!

SPLAT!

WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THE BLOTS? THEY LOOK AS IF THEY'VE BEEN POLEAXED!

NEVER MIND THEM— JUST GET THIS ROPE OFF SIR— I KNOW AN EXCELLENT USE FOR IT!

MEANWHILE BACK AT SCHOOL, THE SWOTS ARE GETTING RESTLESS..

I SAY— IT'S TIME SIR AND CYRIL WERE BACK!

INDEED— WE'RE MISSING OUR JOLLY OLD LESSONS!

IF IT WASN'T FOR THE SNOW I'D SWEAR THIS WAS THE AFRICAN JUNGLE!

COO— THEY LOOK WILD— SHALL I ORDER SOME CAGES?

BAH! NOW I KNOW WHAT THOSE BLINKING ANIMALS ON DAKTARI FEEL LIKE!

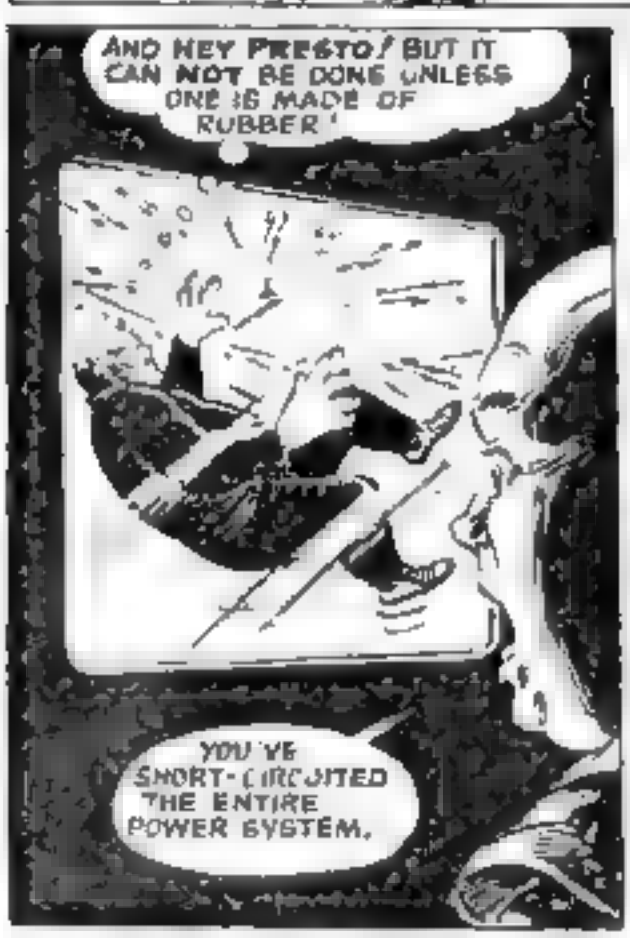
OO-ER— FEEL DIZZY!

SCRAPE!

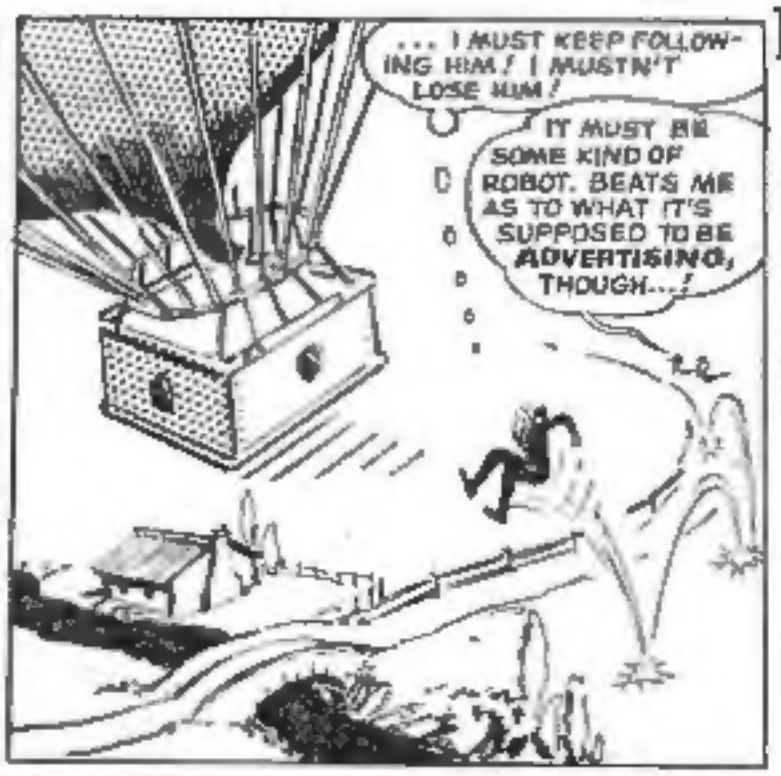
FEH! THEY HAVE BEEN BIG GAME HUNTING— JUST LOOK WHAT THEY'VE CAUGHT!

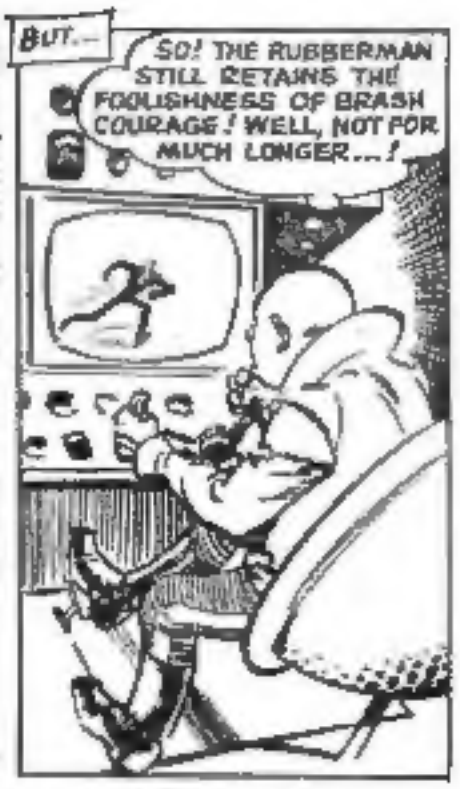
IT'S THE RUBBER MAN!

JEWELS LEFT IN RUBBERMAN'S KEEPING HAVE BEEN STOLEN BY THE INCREDIBLE BALLOON MAN. SEARCHING FOR NEW CLUES, RUBBERMAN CLIMBS TO THE BALLOON MAN'S FLOATING H.Q., BUT..



HEY! HE'S BOUNCING LIKE A RUBBER BALL!
SEE WHAT I MEAN? JUST A PUBLICITY STUNT! JUST A GAG!


... I MUST KEEP FOLLOWING HIM! I MUSTN'T LOSE HIM!
IT MUST BE SOME KIND OF ROBOT. BEATS ME AS TO WHAT IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE ADVERTISING, THOUGH...!


BUT...
SO! THE RUBBERMAN STILL RETAINS THE FOOLISHNESS OF BRASH COURAGE! WELL, NOT FOR MUCH LONGER...!

HE'S ZEROED ONE OF HIS EXPLOSIVE BALLOONS ON TO ME! AND IT WILL EXPLODE ON IMPACT!

SOME DAYS YOU FIND YOURSELF DOING THE SAME SORT OF THING OVER AND OVER AGAIN...
...AND THIS IS ONE OF THOSE DAYS!

AS THE REMOTE-CONTROLLED BALLOON TRIES TO FOLLOW...
BOOOM!
WITH LUCK, CHUMMY UP THERE WILL THINK HE'S SCORED A BULLSEYE!
AND I THINK HE DOES! I'LL KEEP FOLLOWING HIM...BUT THIS TIME TRY TO STAY OUT OF SIGHT WHILE I'M DOING IT!

THE GREAT BALLOON FLOATS ON AND ON, UNTIL AT LAST...
HE'S GONE TO GROUND! BUT IF I'M GOING TO CARRY THIS THROUGH... I'VE GOT TO BE AS FOXY AS HE IS!

I'LL BET THAT'S IT! HE'S SENDING UP AN OBSERVATION BALLOON! AND SOMEHOW I'VE GOT TO MAKE SURE IT DOESN'T SPOT ME!
AND JUST HOW CAN I DO THAT?
NOW, INDEED? BUT THAT'S SOMETHING FOR ALL OF US TO PUZZLE OVER TILL NEXT ISH!

THE NERVS

GRR! IT'S TIME THAT FATHEAD GOT HIMSELF A HAIRCUT! WE'RE FED UP LIVING IN THE DARK UP HERE INSIDE HIS HEAD!
YEAH! HIS HAIR'S SO BLINKING THICK THERE ISN'T ANY LIGHT GETTING THROUGH THE ROOTS!

CHEER UP, LADS! WE'LL SOON HAVE LIGHT— I MADE SOME CANDLES FROM THE WAX IN THE TUBBY TWERP'S EARHOLE!

AAH! THAT'S BETTER— NOW WE CAN SEE WHAT WE'RE DOING!
YEAH! AND IT'S LOVELY AND WARM, TOO!

GOSH! MY HEAD'S ROASTING, MUM!
I'M NOT SURPRISED WITH ALL THAT HAIR—I'VE BEEN TELLING YOU FOR WEEKS TO GET IT CUT!

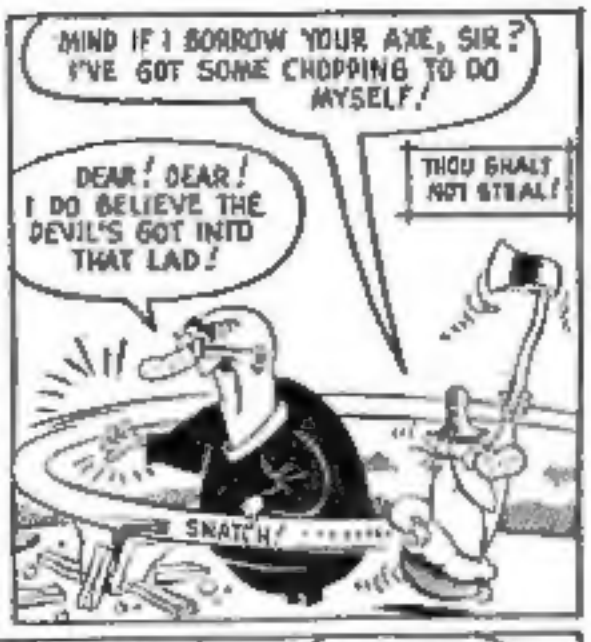
I'M NOT GETTING A HAIRCUT— I'M GROWING A BEATLE BOUFFANT! I'LL COOL MY HEAD OFF WITH THE VACUUM CLEANER!
WHIRRR!

AAGH! WHAT'S THE BIG DOPE PLAYING AT NOW?
HE'S BLOWING OUT THE BLINKING CANDLES!
PHUT!

THAT DID THE TRICK— MY HEAD'S COOLED OFF NOW! I WON'T HAVE TO GET A HAIRCUT, AFTER ALL!

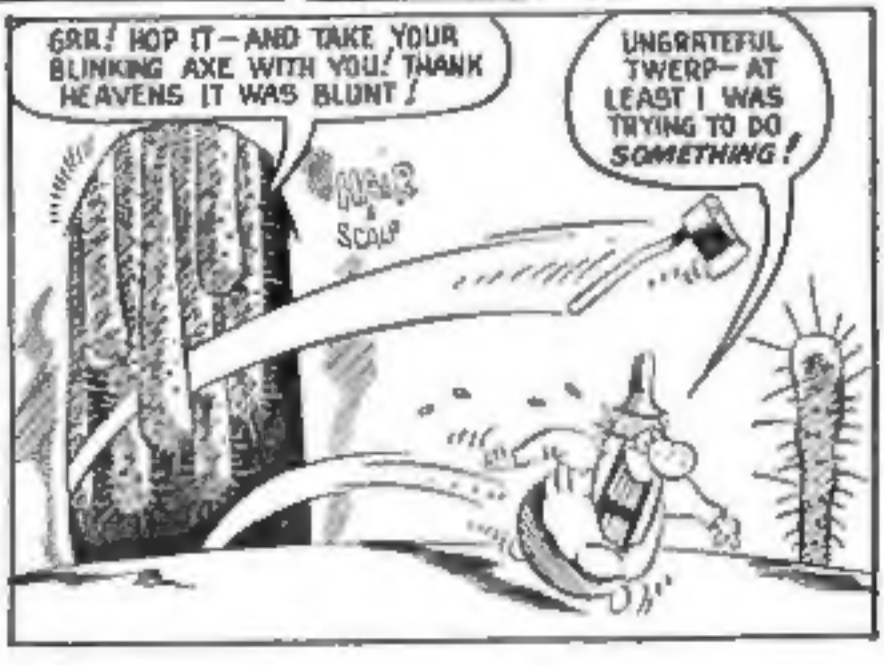
GRR! IF HE WON'T GET HIS HAIR CUT I RECKON I'LL HAVE TO CUT IT MYSELF!
HAIR & SCALP DEPT

SOUL DEPT.
I'D BETTER CHOP SOME MORE STICKS FOR THE FIRE AND WARM FATTY'S SOUL!
AXE MINISTER
AXE MINISTER CROAKS!


MIND IF I BORROW YOUR AXE, SIR? I'VE GOT SOME CHOPPING TO DO MYSELF!
DEAR! DEAR! I DO BELIEVE THE DEVIL'S GOT INTO THAT LAD!
THOU SHALT NOT STEAL!
SNATCH!

HEH! HEH! NOW TO CHOP DOWN ALL THIS OLD HAIR!
CHOP!
CHOP!
CHOP!
CHOP!

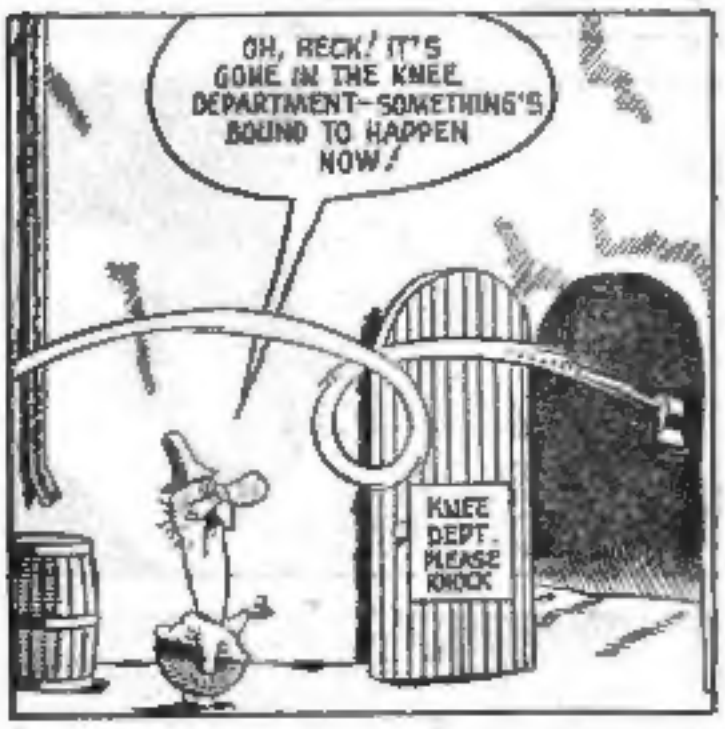
AIEE! THAT'S NOT A HAIR! THAT'S MY WOODEN LEG!
G-GULP! S-SORRY, MATE—IT'S HARD TO TELL IN THE DARK!


GRR! HOP IT—AND TAKE YOUR BLINKING AXE WITH YOU! THANK HEAVENS IT WAS BLUNT!
UNGRATEFUL TWERP—AT LEAST I WAS TRYING TO DO SOMETHING!
HAIR & SCALP

6-GULP! I'D BETTER STOP THAT AXE BEFORE IT DOES SOMEONE AN INJURY!

ER— JUST LIKE SLICING THE TOP OFF AN EGG, WHAT! 6-GULP!
ERK!

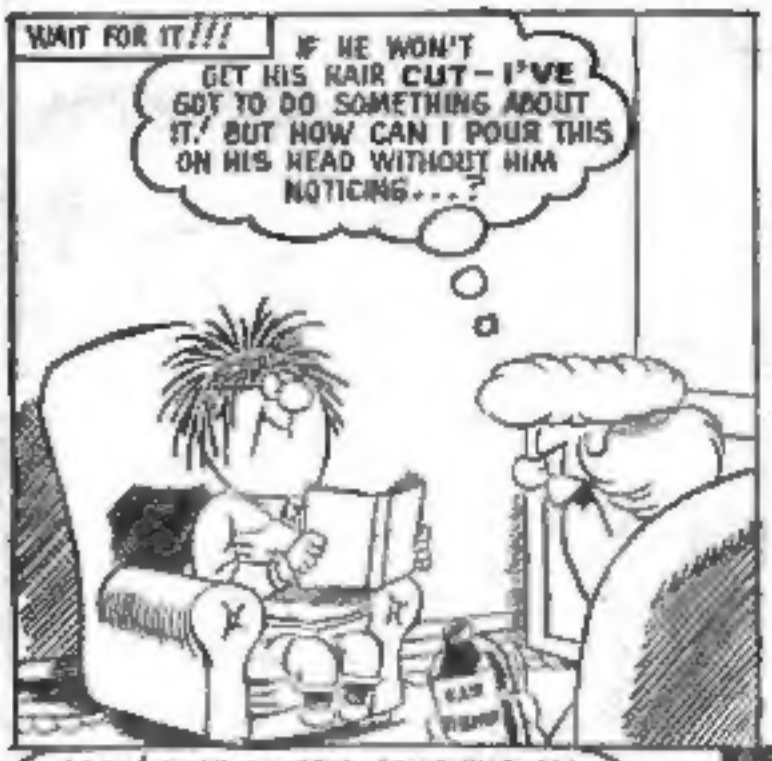
WHEN IS IT GOING TO STOP? AT THIS RATE IT'LL SOON BE SLICING THROUGH FATTY'S BIG TOE!
KNEE DEPT
CHOP!


OH, RECK! IT'S GONE IN THE KNEE DEPARTMENT—SOMETHING'S BOUND TO HAPPEN NOW!
KNEE DEPT. PLEASE KNOCK

KNEES UP, FATTY BROWN— KNEES UP, FATTY BROWN!
KNEE REFLEX LEVER

CHOP!

I SUPPOSE IT COULD HAVE BEEN WORSE—IT'S ONLY PUSHED DOWN THE TWERP'S REFLEX LEVER!
CRASH!
KNEE REFLEX LEVER


WAIT FOR IT!!!
IF HE WON'T GET HIS HAIR CUT—I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT! BUT HOW CAN I POUR THIS ON HIS HEAD WITHOUT HIM NOTICING...?

AAGH! WHAT ARE YOU PLAYING AT, YOU BIG TWERP? YOU'RE NOT MEANT TO DO THAT UNLESS SOMEONE CLOBBERS YOUR KNEE CAP WITH A MALLET!
???

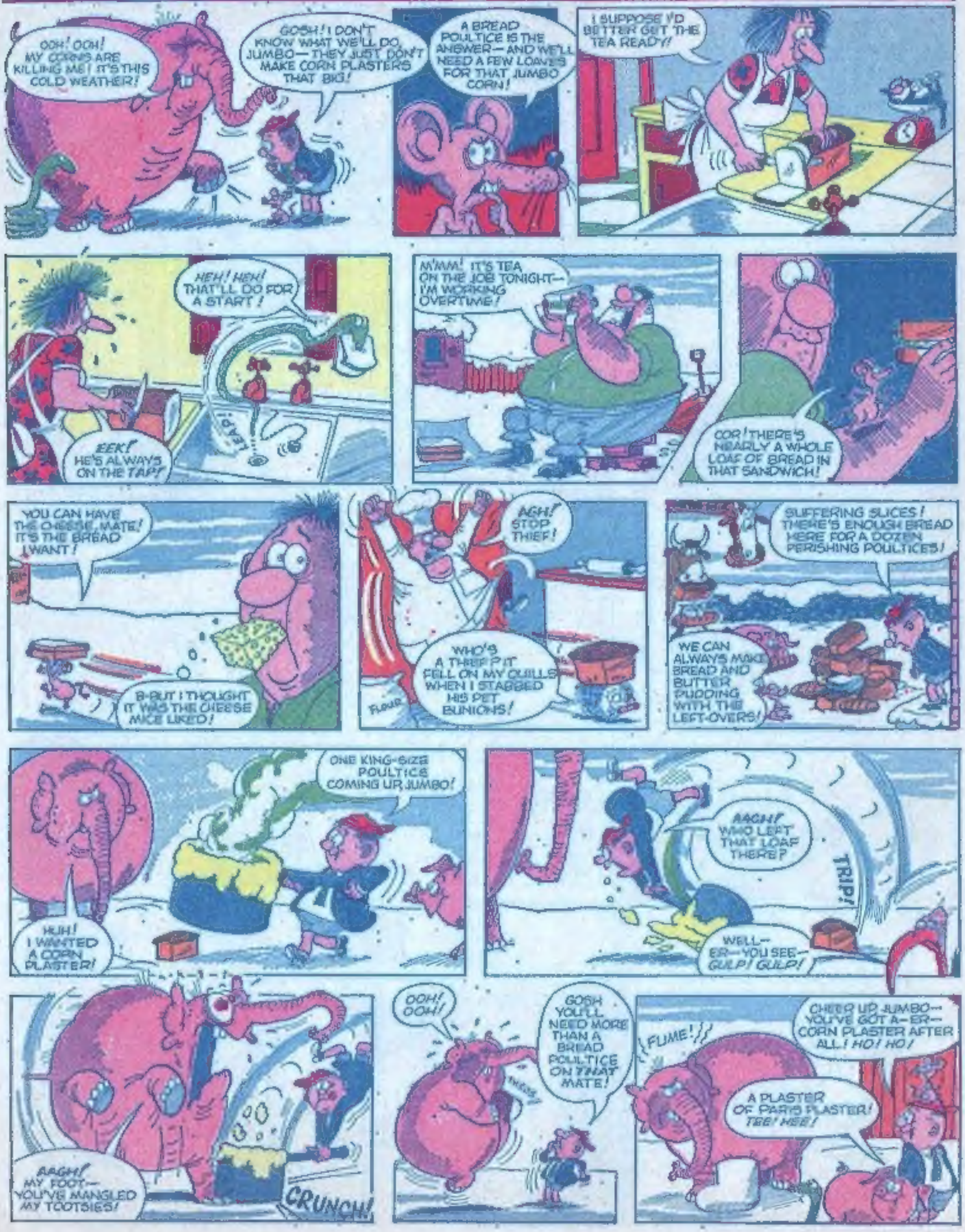
SPLOSH

AAGH! THAT STUFF'S REMOVING ALL MY HAIR—IT'S COMING OUT IN DIRTY GREAT LUMPS!
AAGH! A HAIR RAID!

BANG GOES MY BEATLE CUT! I RECKON I'LL HAVE TO SETTLE FOR A YUL BRYNNER!
AND ON FATTY'S NUT...

HEH! HEH! WE'VE GOT PLENTY OF LIGHT NOW! PITY IT'S GOT TO GROW AGAIN!
IT'S SMASHING LIKE THIS— ROLL ON THE DAY WHEN THE TWERP'S BALD FOR ALL TIME!

Percy's Pets


OOH! OOH! MY CORNS ARE KILLING ME! IT'S THIS COLD WEATHER!
GOSH! I DON'T KNOW WHAT WE'LL DO, JUMBO—THEY JUST DON'T MAKE CORN PLASTERS THAT BIG!
A BREAD POULTICE IS THE ANSWER—AND WE'LL NEED A FEW LOAVES FOR THAT JUMBO CORN!
I SUPPOSE I'D BETTER GET THE TEA READY!
HEH! HEH! THAT'LL DO FOR A START!
EEK! HE'S ALWAYS ON THE TAP!
TAP!
M'MM! IT'S TEA ON THE JOB TONIGHT—I'M WORKING OVERTIME!
COR! THERE'S NEARLY A WHOLE LOAF OF BREAD IN THAT SANDWICH!
YOU CAN HAVE THE CHEESE, MATE! IT'S THE BREAD I WANT!
B-BUT I THOUGHT IT WAS THE CHEESE MICE LIKED!
AGH! STOP THIEF!
WHO'S A THIEF? IT FELL ON MY QUILLS WHEN I STABBED HIS PET BUNIONS!
FUME
SUFFERING SLICES! THERE'S ENOUGH BREAD HERE FOR A DOZEN PERISHING POULTICES!
WE CAN ALWAYS MAKE BREAD AND BUTTER PUDDING WITH THE LEFT-OVERS!
ONE KING-SIZE POULTICE COMING UP, JUMBO!
HUH! I WANTED A CORN PLASTER!
AAGH! WHO LEFT THAT LOAF THERE?
TRIP!
WELL—ER—YOU SEE—GULP! GULP!
AAGH! MY FOOT—YOU'VE MANGLED MY TOOTSIES!
CRUNCH!
OOH! OOH!
GOSH YOU'LL NEED MORE THAN A BREAD POULTICE ON THAT MATE!
FUME!
CHEER UP JUMBO—YOU'VE GOT A—ER—CORN PLASTER AFTER ALL! HO! HO!
A PLASTER OF PARIS PLASTER! TEE! HEE!